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PREFACE

THE material presented in this book was collected by my late husband, Godfrey Wilson, and myself, between 1934 and 1938; he then being a Fellow of the Rockefeller Foundation, and I a Research Fellow of the International African Institute. Godfrey Wilson was in the field from September 1934 to December 1935 (with one month's break) and again from September 1936 to January 1938; the interval having been spent in London, digesting material. I did not begin work until March 1935, and was invalided out of the Territory with malaria for six months in 1937, so that I only spent a total of twenty months in the field. We had three main centres of work: Mwaya on the Lake-shore plain, Isumba in Selya, and Ilolo on the plateau near the Moravian mission of Rungwe; and either together or singly we stayed for some time in Kinga country on the Livingstone mountains, in Ngonde, at Lubaga, near LiKyala, at the White Fathers' station of Makete, on the Lupa gold-fields, in the Government station of Tukuyu, and at the Church of Scotland mission station, Livingstonia (Kondowe), to which youths from Ngonde and a few from Nyakyusa go to be educated (cf. Maps II and III). At one time or another we walked through almost all the district except for the Ndali hills: that expedition, long planned, was repeatedly prevented by attacks of malaria. At Mwaya and Isumba we were lent disused mission houses close to villages; in Ilolo we lived in a Nyakyusa-style house built for us in the main thoroughfare of the village; when camping we pitched our tent within the village usually near the homestead of the chief or headman.

As will be seen, the Nyakyusa are an extremely democratic people, and we lived in democratic fashion with Nyakyusa dropping in to visit, and sharing with us tea, or occasionally more solid meals, at all times of the day. We in turn were welcomed and fed in our friends' houses. After the first few months the atmosphere was extremely cordial, and the Nyakyusa took immense pains to explain their customs and to invite us to events which they thought would interest us. We both learnt to speak Nyakyusa and took notes largely in the language.

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26. THE AUTOPSY

Note.—It was not easy to see an autopsy among the Nyakyusa—one never knew beforehand when such an operation would be held, and since imputations of witchcraft and sorcery are punishable offences, people were often reluctant to perform it when Europeans were there. There was only one European doctor in Rungwe district, and he was a very busy man with a hospital and dispensaries to supervise. All the operations witnessed were performed over twenty-five miles from his headquarters and far off any road. Therefore, we were never able to arrange for a qualified practitioner to be present at a Nyakyusa autopsy, as we wished. The following layman's accounts, though lacking any anatomical detail, explain the method of procedure, and the Nyakyusa reactions.

Autopsy (ukupandula) *witnessed by G. W.*, 16/3/37.

Funeral of the wife of Mwampiki: Mwampiki himself is dead, but his homestead and wives have been inherited by a younger half-brother, Mwisalwa. The dead woman is a wife of another half-brother, Mwalemba. Kakuju, the village headman, called me to the funeral.

The body was carried apart, away from the crowd of women, behind a clump of bananas, by five or six women, who then washed it and put on a bark-cloth and a cloth (folded tight like a bark-cloth) round the loins. Then the young man, Mwaijumba, and I were allowed to come and watch.

The doctor, a woman, had five little knives of bamboo, made for the autopsy, and thrown away with the rubbish afterwards. Before she began to cut the stomach open another woman, a wife of Mwampiki (wearing mourning belts and smeared with mud) came and crouched down with her face close to that of the corpse, and a cloth covering her head and that of the corpse. 'That is the Nyakyusa custom', the young man explained. 'She is helping the doctor. The fearsomeness (*ubusisya*) of a human body is less when someone else is at the head.'

Then the doctor, using the bamboo knives, made an incision across the stomach, and cut through the flesh until the intestines showed. The stomach was swollen up. Mwantembe, a classificatory brother of Mwampiki, had joined us by this time. He was fetched by Mwaijumba to come and examine the corpse. He urged the doctor to make the incision wider and she did so. Mwantembe also insisted on Mwai-

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I kept the chine for two nights in my house. The shades came to eat—they left practically nothing. Had I not been ill I would have asked you to come and see since you say they do not eat. . . . The shades come and see that we are celebrating the rituals.

The whole ritual was esoteric. Only the chief with eight of his agnatic kinsmen, four of his young sons (but not his grown-up heir or young grandson), and four priests participated, and we two anthropologists were permitted to look on. Peeping small boys were chased off. The shades were addressed in a conversational tone and, except during the invocation, the priests and chiefs chatted to one another, but arguments and raised voices were taboo. The boys who ate the meat were told:

See, we your fathers are sacrificing, we are making plenty of food. Follow the custom of your fathers when it is your turn to sacrifice. Learn how to do it.

The same evening Kasitile prayed at his tree again. He explained:

I would not usually pray at all tonight, it is finished. Mwaipopo and I prayed yesterday, today the ritual is finished, but that boy of mine [his heir, 119] does not visit me, he's not been to see me and he did not tell me that he was going to the ritual. . . . I am going to pray to tell my fathers not to be startled, to tell them I am not angry, to tell them to send only a little rain, not a lot, to tell them to accept the sacrifice.

He went to the same place, and chewed the root of 'blessed grass' and blew out water as before. He prayed to about thirty persons, especially to Mwamaloba (85, his elder brother) and Mwakanjoki (60, his father), and also to Mwakagile (59), Mwaijonga (82), Mwaipasi (81), Mwakabule (117), Mwamwifu (84), Mwafungo (83), Mwakipesile (118), Mwakapala (?), Lyambilo (12), Mwalubange (58), Mwamukinga (43), Mwaihojo (147?), Mwaitende (61), and Kyala (2). No mention was made of the Lubaga chiefs this time, or of sons of Mwaipaja (21) or of 'Jesus'.

You have received your child Mwakagile (116, identified with his grandfather 59), Mwaijonga (82), you have received the chief, this boy of mine (119) is quarrelling with me, do not be upset, he is a fool, a fool, but let him be . . . go and call your brothers to eat, you Mwaijonga (82), you Mwaipopo (115), and all your younger brothers; call Mwakagile (59) and Mwakanjoki (60) . . . Mwalubange (58) go to eat with your younger brother, let us find food, millet, bananas, children, milk . . . let there be a little rain only, not too much . . . people believe

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always hangs under the eaves and is only used for prayer, filled it with water and put into it a stone and a live coal from the fire. Then he took some roots from the roof (previously put there ready) and we went off to the same spot as before (*vide supra*, p. 115). Kasitile chewed the root, took water and blew it out, and began to pray:

'Do not be startled, come in your own persons, gather together, with Mwakanjoki (60). You made friends with him before, now he has entered, he has made himself our friend. Indeed I made a mistake, I have come to enter; I cut you on the head, I have done wrong. The sons of Kagile (i.e. 59 + his descendants) complain of me, saying, "It is he who has gone off with the millet, bananas, and maize; and children cry at night behind the huts; we are barren because he has cut Mwakanjoki." I have sought this cow which you wanted. Mwakanjoki (60), Lwembe (3?), Mwakalebela (19), Mwatonoka (29), Mwalubange (58), Mwakagile (59), Mwaijonga (82), Kyala (2), we have come to attend to you (pointing to the grave). Kikungubeja, Nsyanigwa Kyamba Kitali,[1] Lyambilo (12) come to your home if you are at Mwalubange's (58), come if you are at Mwaitende's (61), come Mwakanjoki (60) and the Kinga and Lwembe (3); Mwakalebela (19) come, give me cattle and millet, and the powerful medicine which you had. Since you are brooding over me go out from my body, go out! I pay my debt. We have come to take you to your home since you have gone off in a huff, come! I will never cut your branches again. I fear you and I will respect the branches. Come to your house, that of Mwamaloba (85), of Kanjoki (mother of 60), come. And he (G.W.) is innocent (*mwelu*), do not fear him. He is the owner of the ritual, he is Mwamaloba (85), he is my senior, I am the junior. Sometimes I wish to embrace him, sometimes I fear that he is going to imprison me.[2] May the bananas increase! I am left alone! It is I who am here! Move out of my body! And give us medicine! May the offering increase overnight, may the cattle increase and the maize, and in the morning let me tell Mwaipaja (G.W.) that the bananas and medicine have increased. If there is anything else you are a liar, if this chill begins again then I have gone, I am not here. Amen! (*sic*).'

Very early the following morning the sacrificial bull was killed. Kasitile had arranged that our Mohammedan cook should come to cut its throat.[3] Then, later in the morning, the crucial drinking and 'speaking out' began. Kasitile had provided two pots of beer.

[1] Three Kinga priests whose names are titles of office.

[2] In the earlier years of our acquaintance Kasitile had denied both the smothering of an ailing chief and human sacrifice for the drum. It is possible that he had co-operated in either one or both of these ritual acts. He himself reported that the Sangu diviner had told him: 'You have a European as a close friend. . . . You enjoy his company much, but there is something left . . .' (i.e. the friendship is not yet complete).

[3] Ostensibly so that he could partake of the meat, but the reason given seemed inadequate.

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for research, I am very grateful for a grant from the International Institute of African Languages and Cultures[2] which enabled me to start my ethnographical field work among these people. I wish also to express my thanks to the Government of the Tanganyika Territory, the Provincial Commissioner of Mbeya, and the District Officer of Tukuyu for all the courtesy I received during my work.

1. My first step, after my arrival at Katumba near Masoko, was to pay a visit to Mwamasika, the chief *(omalafyale)*[3] of the village and

The chief Wwamasika with his councillors.

of those adjacent. On the open place near his hut he welcomed me in company with his *amafumu*[4], the influential men of his villages. My attendant, the interpreter and I were asked to sit on chairs, while the *amafumu* sat down on mats or on large banana leaves on the ground; but the chief remained standing. I explained the aim of my visit, and that I would be very glad of his support. The chief promised it, and he kept his promise excellently. On other occasions the chief also sat on a chair. In the afternoon of the first day I sent to the chief some presents. The following he made a return in form of food. This exchange of gifts is named *ukubonola*, handing over the gift.

2. In a small village belonging to Mwamasika's chieftainship was the residence of a medicine man, to whom I paid a visit as soon as I could. When I met him he was being consulted by a sick male person who had a stomach complaint *(agaju)*. After some negotiations he allowed me

[2] Cf. Africa. Vol. XI, p. 497.
[3] Cf. Wilson, Introduction, p. 283; Land Rights, p. 44.
[4] Cf. Wilson, Land Rights, p. 13. W. translates *alifumu (olifumu)* by „great commoner", Introduction, p. 276, 282.

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The chief Wwamasika and his family after he had received from me my old "Klepper-Mantle" as a gift.

to enter his hut, where the patient was sitting on the ground with his back to the wall. To heal his patient of the pains, the doctor made some small incisions in his skin near the stomach by means of a triangular-shaped knife, and then he rubbed in the incisions a thick black juice taken from the horn of an antelope (the horn was called *kapembe*, pl. *ulupembe*). The juice was prepared from different roots and herbs as a medicine against stomach pains. In the horn were certain divisions for other medicines, and in each of these divisions was stuck a small (black) stick for removing the specific medicine from it. After this treatment the patient declared that he felt severe pains in the region of his stomach. I asked the doctor for some of his medicines, but he was unwilling to give me anything. Then I promised to bring him next day some European medicines hoping to get in exchange some of his medicaments.

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The following morning I returned. On this occasion I did acquire some of his medicines in exchange for various European tablets, especially as he was most fascinated with the kaliumpermanganatum[1] of which I gave him a few crystals, explaining to him the use and the dose; when I dissolved some of the crystals before his eyes, it probably seemed to him to be a mystical process. Among the medicines I received then from him was a medicine for luck, called *kwarusako*. Some of the inhabitants of the village, who had meantime appeared, were very unwilling for him to give me this medicine, and maintained that I would take with me all the luck of the village.

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On this second visit to the medicine-man, there was again a patient present, and I wanted to take a photograph of the scene because it was

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[1] [i.e., $KMnO_4$. – Analyst]

123 755 in the open air and not within the hut as on the previous day. But the patient was unwilling to be photographed. He feared, he said, that by the photo I would take „his inner man together with the medicine just accepted" with me to Europe. I tried to calm him, showing him some pictures of my family, and I also let him look through the view-finder of my camera, so that at last he was satisfied. Then, after feeling more confident, he told me the cause of the pains which led him to come to the doctor. He thought he had been bewitched, as he had met a descendant of a man whom some long time ago had killed one of his own ancestors.

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The Medicine Man and one of his patients. The medicines are spread out on the mat.

756 Then the medicine man also explained to me how he had come to the position of a doctor. He did not inherit his position from his father, but he was instructed in medical practices by another doctor. The circumstances which had led him to this position were the following.

[831] [789] Before his initiation to the medical practice he had entered into forbidden relations with the wife of another man. To protect himself from the magical revenge of the deceived husband and his kin he went to a medicine man to acquire antidotes against the expected bewitching. He had to pay two cows for this medicine, and as he had paid them, the medicine-man offered to initiate him into the secrets of the practice of a medicine-man. The character of the client, probably, had won his confidence, and indeed, the medicine-man whose guest I now was, made a profound impression on me.

754 He also described some forms of bewitching[5] for vengeance. For this purpose the avenger poisons a fowl in his own village uttering curses

[5] Cf. *G. Wilson*, Introduction, p. 277 (belief in witchcraft).

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765 head of the line. She was also the first who crawled between the legs
48| of the others, facing the hut, and followed by the others. This ceremony has the same purpose as the preceding act.

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Scene from the ubunyago-ceremony: The mourners returning from the grave to the house crawling through the legs of the others.

765 Then the hair of the mourners was shaved (*ukumwa inwili*, to shave
[302 the hair, profane and ritual) and, I was told that a bath would be
515] the last act ending mourning.

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Scene from the ubunyago-ceremony: The shaving of the hair.

765 In the afternoon I sent the father of the dead child a cotton kerchief
●123 as a gift, and when I met him later on, he told me I had participated
43| in the burial of his child by that gift, saying, "You have buried my child with me".

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ancestors and of Kyara[17]. At the same time he moved his curved wood to and fro on the ground and when he did so, it indicated a negative answer from the beings invoked. But when he was asked: "Is the guilt for the sickness to be found in the husband of the chief's sister?", he was unable to move his wood as before; he could only stamp it on the ground, and this meant an affirmative reaction of the invoked spirits. Now, therefore, the meeting had reached its aim.

I asked the diviner to tell me how he had acquired his faculty. He explained that (besides the necessary inner disposition) the payment of a fee for the medical preparation was necessary in order to become a diviner[18]. This outfit consisted in a special vaccination by a learned diviner. For this purpose the neophyte was incised by his master on different spots on the upper side of the knuckles, and in these small incisions was rubbed a medical powder. By these means the initiate may be inspired by the prophesying spirits. These influences are then felt by the diviner as a power which directs the movements of his hand in the manner described.

6. Near the hut of the chief's principal wife was a "sacred" banana plant, in the grove opposite to the chief's hut and in the grove with the grave of the chief's father already described. At particular times, when any need demands it, the chief offers a prayer in this place to his ancestors[19]. The sickness of his sister, for instance, was such an occasion for him to address the ancestors. I was invited by the chief to witness this act; but I raised objections, telling him that my presence might perhaps rather cause the anger than the help of his ancestors. In reality, I did not want the chief to stage a theatrical act on my behalf. But the chief rejected my excuses and explained that he would act in the same manner as if I were not present, because he had made up his mind to this prayer. The chief was assisted during this ceremony by Mwainyekule who presented to the chief a calabash of water as he arrived at the banana plant devoted to this purpose. The chief took some mouthfuls of the water and squirted it towards the banana plant. Then he recited the names of his ancestors and begged them to help his sister.

7. During one afternoon, I was told that a ceremony to end the initiation of a (betrothed) girl was going on in a family of the village.

[17] name of the supreme spiritual being.
[18] Cf. *Mackenzie*, p. 226.
[19] *Mackenzie* refers that such a place is named "ikiyinja", "the familiy place oft prayer" (pp. 144, 197), but without indication of the locality, as Karonga.